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Lazarus

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College of DuPage

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Poetry Contest Winners

1st Place

LAZARUS

*The moon is a sugar lump, in a cup of all night java.
I sip it slow.
Awake, asweat,
Insomnia, 2:30, 4:00, no matter it is late.*

*Wishing I had sweet little pills
That would do me no good.
But blessed are the nighttime vitamins,
Sugary lobotomies.*

*The alarm rings.
The sound oils bones,
I walk.*

*Make-up and coffee patch up my fatigue my
hollowed out anemic blue, my
Dozeless on and on.*

*Not I resemble a slight shadow.
Looking in the mirror, I dream of
Lazarus.*

*Lazarus you are so new, getting born again.
Drawn out the great hole called earth,
Called grave.*

*Someday I will dye my hair and will
Wear too much make-up.
Getting born again each morning.
A resurrection ceremony.*

*I dreamt of hair,
Worm white hair.
Getting too close.*

*Then wrinkles, deep as waves.
Daring that sea, I drowned.
Perhaps a pair of scissors will save me.*

*Cut away my grave dressings, I will awake
Lazarus.*

— Marie Ford

The annual College of DuPage Poetry Contest originated with Bill Bell, English instructor, and he continues to guide its success. The contest is sponsored by the Humanities Division of this year marks the fourth year the contest has been held. Judges for the contest were: Janis Geesaman, Kimberly J. Kyp, Debbie Rydl-Lindsey, Duane Molnar, Mary Ryder-Swanson.

2nd Place

EASY LIVING

*I woke up to music this morning.
The government plays it that way.
I threw back the sheet,
And got to my feet,
Ready to face the new day.*

*The conveyor popped up without warning.
I stepped on the silver-white tread.
I rode to the kitchen,
For I was just itchin'
To shove instant toast in my head.*

*I turned on the microwave oven.
I picked up the remote control.
I took up my case
And painted my face
And hastily put on my soul.*

*I figured I needed some lovin'.
I programmed myself for a date
The sad story of
Computer-matched love
For husbands are hard to create.*

*The kilowatt sun shone brightly.
I squinted, for it made me blind.
And, then, to be clever,
I reached for the lever
And quietly turned on my mind.*

*I take Einstein's theories quite lightly.
Science is instinct to me.
Geography's easy.
Geometry, breezy.
But human's what I'd like to be.*

— C.E. Roza